

Jerusalem, Palestine
October 7, 1929

Dear Folks:

We have a nice large second floor room at the American colony here in Jerusalem. The American Colony is a group of people who have been out here for many years. About fifty years ago a group of Americans headed by a Chicago man named Spafford, came to await the coming of the Lord here in Jerusalem. They waited many years and He did not come so they had to get to work to support themselves. Now the old people are gone and the second generation are in charge, and they have a prosperous bit of work here and there. They have a lovely place here where they take in tourists in season and out of season, and Brother Jacob (Spafford) is one of the very best guides in all Jerusalem. Some of them keep a store for selling curios, and some take care of the farm and dairy, and some sell Buick cars. They are a hard working lot and simple in their living and are therefore prosperous. This generation no longer waits for the coming of Jesus, but try to live as He would have them live. It is a lovely place to stop.

Just out of the window we can look over to the minaret only about 200 feet off, where the muezzin comes out to give the call for prayer to the Moslem world around. It is a curious sing-song call easily recognized once it is heard. Just below is a yard where the Arabs sometime stop for the night with their camels, and in the morning we can hear the camels grunt in protest at being loaded up to start again, and the donkeys braying to let all the world know they are coming. There is a tale that once upon a time the donkey did not talk. Father Noah got ready the ark and gathered in all the animals and waited for the rains. One day when the donkey went out for a walk the rains began and when he came back to the ark Noah had already taken in the gang plank. Thinking he was going to be left he called out as loud as he could "No-oh-oh-ahhh-O-Noo-oo-ahhh-Noahhh". So Noah came and let him in because he could not stand hearing him plead.

Here in the streets of the East we see camel caravans and donkey caravans and then motor cars passing them all. Sometimes we see a horse, but mostly camels or donkeys. Of course in the towns they have horses and carriages, but on the road we see other beasts mostly. Out here they often have three donkeys leading the way for the string of camels. The natives call it the League of Nations. The three donkeys are the three great powers that control the League - England, France and Italy. Of course the long caravans that come across the desert do not have a donkey to lead. Coming across the desert in Turkey, we saw one caravan at rest in the middle of the day which had a hundred and fifty camels. From the train windows in Turkey we also saw an ox cart, the same kind that has been used for thousands of years. I saw one being hitched up at one place. The tongue of the cart was propped up, the man caught one ox by the ear, led him over and letting down the yoke fastened the chain under his neck. Then he caught the ear of the other ox, led him around and hooked his chain to the yoke, and that was all there was to it. When they move the creaking of the large wooden wheels sounds like lost souls in purgatory, or what I imagine they might sound like.

Just now the weather is quite cool. Jerusalem is quite high up in the hills and there is usually a good west wind blowing in from the Mediterranean Sea and it is quite cool. The other day we went up to Nazareth and the Sea of Galilee, and down by the seaside where it was 681 feet below sea level it was nice and warm. However, on the trip up we had to put on coats, put a rug over our knees and then wrap a great big cape around Maud and me to keep us from blowing away. The men even condescended to put on their overcoats. It was warm enough when we stopped but while we were moving it was frightfully cold. Most of the time we were tearing around hairpin curves going up or down the side of a hill. This country is just one hill after another, and another on the other side of that. True, one can stand at the Dead Sea

and see Mount Hermon at the other end of the country a hundred and fifty miles away, and one can stand on top of Tabor and see the Sea of Galilee and the Mediterranean. We could see the Mediterranean Sea from the top of Nazareth Hill. It is a very tiny place and incidents of the Bible times are made clearer by knowing that the distances are so small. We spent a night at Tiberias, the only city left on the shores of Galilee. It was a new town when Jesus was a young man. We went up to what is supposed to be the site of Capernaum. We arose early in the morning and sat on a rock in the water's edge for meditation in the quiet hours of the morning. Behind us ran the road and the tinkle of the camel bells and the calling of the drivers and the braying of the donkeys were the same sounds that have echoed along the shore since time immemorial. We had lunch on the shore just below the Capernaum site. When we had finished the Arab children took the scraps and poured them into the dress of one of the children to take home.

We went on back through Nazareth and Kirby and Sherwood walked over the top of the hill and down into the city to the Arab Hotel where we spent the night. Mr. Harte, the Y.M.C.A. man who went with us, took Maud and me out to see some of the local places. The people of Christendom have built horrid buildings over every place which they consider once to have been a sacred spot and they have some dreadfully absurd traditions and superstitions about every place. But the top of the Nazareth hill is not specially significant and they have left it as it should be. We looked in on a carpenter as he worked at making packs for the camel saddles and yokes for oxen and winnowing forks and the wooden plows and things the people still use. They cannot use our modern plows here on account of the multiplicity of rocks in the fields. There are a number of British Tommies stationed everywhere since the trouble. The night we were in Nazareth seemed to be a night off for most of them and they sat and drank beer, ordered supper and played the phonograph. When they had played all the records they played them over again. I went to sleep to a phonograph blaring jazz in Nazareth of Galilee! We didn't have the heart to ask them to stop. Kirby got up very early and went to sit on the top of the hill for a couple of hours of meditation. Because it is not marred by man it is easy to communicate with God.

Today we have visited the holy places of Jerusalem. The Mosque of Omar, or the Dome of the Rock, was beautiful and reverent. It is the one place in the world which is sacred to the three great religions today. The Jews had their temple there. It is the supposed site of Mt. Moriah where Abraham went to sacrifice Isaac. It was the threshing floor of Araunah and there is a cave underneath for the storing of the grain. David bought it from Araunah to build the temple, and Solomon built it. The Romans built a heathen temple on the spot as an act of desecration after it had been taken from the Jews. It is barely possible that once a Christian church stood there, but it has been a Mohammedan mosque since the year 691. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is, of course, a disappointment with five different sects of Christians fighting all the time. They must keep soldiers around to keep them from flying at each other's throats. We aren't even sure it is the real place. They have millions of dollars worth of jewels, yet the dome cannot be repaired because they cannot decide who will do it. They are so jealous of each other that one must not sweep one step which the other is supposed to sweep.

This afternoon we went out to Bethlehem. On the way we passed by Rachel's Tomb, which is somewhat authentic and is the only shrine owned by the Jews. The Church of the Nativity is also a place to quarrel over. The archaeologists are very sure that this is the authentic site of the inn where Christ was born and they have built a huge church there, the oldest Christian church in the world, builded by the mother of Constantine in 330 AD. At least a part of the original edifice is still there. They show you the place where Christ was born and the spot where the manger stood. The people bow down before these places and kiss the spots. The Greeks and the Roman Catholics and the Armenians each have a part and woe unto him who steps on the place where the other holds forth. They go by precedent, and when going up and down the

steps they always descend one side and ascend the other. It is indeed pitiful to see how far Christianity has degenerated from the teachings of Christ.

We will go down to the Dead Sea tomorrow. This is the one place in the world where you can go from a couple of thousand feet above sea level down to 1500 feet below sea level within an hour and a half, from the temperate climate to the sub-tropical. Aside from the fact that the sea has no outlet, the waters on one side wash against salt cliffs and there is so much mineral matter in the water that nothing can live in them. They tell us that the Jordan River is just a muddy creek and as this is the dry season that is probably all we shall see, but we do want to see it all.

I can't say that I saw much of Cairo and Assuit. We went up to Assuit on one of the hottest days of the year and it was about the dustiest, hottest ride I ever had. They had us scheduled for four or five turkey dinners and eight meetings for Kirby. After trying the first dinner that night I decided I simply could not cope with the splendor of all the rest, nor with the heat, so I jumped into bed, had a chill, pulled up the blanket and called for a hot water bottle. I got up when it came time to go back to Cairo, and no one dared offer me any more big turkey dinners. It is a wonder Kirby survived all the courses, but he did. And they survived his eight speeches, which he gave under protest, as he did not want to talk but would rather listen. When he got to Jerusalem he put down his foot on the talks and sat down to write an article for the magazine, and behold, I shall have the job tomorrow morning of copying it off. He is now happy again and planning another article as soon as there is a moment to write.

On Thursday morning we start out to Damascus to cross the desert to Bagdad, Ur and Basra, where we take the boat for India. It is all so strange and interesting all the time. Much love to you all.

Affectionately yours,

Mary Alma Page

October 14, 1929.
Bagdad, Iraq.

Dear Folks.

We left Jerusalem Thursday morning at seven o'clock and drove up to Damascus, arriving about three thirty, and as Sherwood and I were both pretty tired from the journey, we lay down to rest while Kirby and Maud got a carriage and drove around to the "Street called Straight" and saw some of the life of the city and the two rivers. We had to get up early the next morning to be off at six, but we did not actually get moving until forty minutes later. Things never get off on time in the Orient. When we did get off, we really went, and traveled almost continuously until eight o'clock the next morning.

The cars are supposed to leave in bunches and there is usually a convoy of a couple of armoured cars. Sometimes the Bedouins will attack a car, but it is getting less and less frequent now. In fact I have not heard of any. The worst trouble about a car being alone is that something may happen to the machinery or tires, and for that reason they do not permit them to go alone. There must be at least three leaving at once. Our driver was an Arab, and a very good driver. The car was a big seven passenger Buick, and by the time we had our luggage on and ourselves and lunch in, it was what one would call full. You know how it is when you can't find a place to put your feet. We were the first to leave Damascus and stopped about half an hour at a military camp about two hours out to show our passports and then we drove continuously until about three thirty five, when we reached a British fort and had some tea and lunch and decided to stay and rest a while as we were informed we could not leave until the others left at three the next morning. There were rooms with cots for ladies and for men, and we each took a cot and tried to rest, but some new people came in and there were some small children, and between trying to nap while the mother told Ruthie to keep quiet and someone else told Dannie to go away and let Ruthie alone and to be quiet or they would have to spank them or give them to the driver. After a couple of hours of this and vain wooing of sleep we heard someone say the big six wheeler would be moving soon and Maud got up and investigated and wakened the men and we decided to depart when the others did and get our permission from the officer and left. We soon passed the one car ahead and aside from stopping a couple of times during the night to give the driver a nap, we kept moving until we reached Bagdad

Kirby kept worrying about the geographical knowledge of the person who wrote that song saying "till the sands of the desert grow cold." That person surely did not know what they were talking about. In Egypt their cold night winds come from the desert. We rode across the desert at night with overcoats and two rugs over us and we did not take them off until the sun was well up, and even then it was always cool in the shade as long as we were moving, and we moved.

The Sahara desert is all drifting sand, but the Mesopotamian desert is quite different. Most of it would be good land if it had water. There is a sort of vegetation which grows on it spoken of as the thorn bush which the camel feeds on, (but it really is not a thorn bush only looks like it.) It looks like all stems. There are even some flowers, and I imagine that after a rain there are many flowers. Part of the desert is without vegetation of any sort, and covered with small gravel and part strewn with rocks the size of coconuts. There are many high hills in some parts of the desert and the last part of the journey we were always skirting hills.

We heard of one party coming from Bagdad to Damascus that encountered a rain before reaching Damascus and all the cars were stuck in the mud. They were on the lookout for them at Damascus because information had been sent on by wireless that they were coming and when they did not arrive airplanes were sent out to locate them, and the party of 74 persons were fed by airplane for 8 days while marooned in the desert. Some of the people came on to the American Colony at Jerusalem and had pictures to verify their account.

We went to see King Faisal of Iraq this morning, and he was very gracious to us. He is an extremely handsome man and a descendant of the prophet. He seems to be well liked. We are always busy. Much love, Yours, Alvin Page.

Sent to Kirby, Maud & 2 mothers.
Please send to others on list.
Dear Betty.

Sally
10/15/29

October 14, 1929
Bagdad, Iraq.

Dear Folks:

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He is an extremely handsome man and a descendant of the prophet. He seems to be well liked. We are always busy. Much love,

Yours,

Mary Alma Page

Indian Ocean, Oct. 23, 1929

Dear Folks:

I really must tell you something about the dress of the people of the lands we have just passed through. I am speaking of the common people, as the wealthy people all tend to dress in the European fashion, except the Beduin Arab, who still finds his flowing robes more practical for his regions. In Turkey, Syria, Egypt and Palestine, the men who are porters or such workers all wear some very baggy trousers, the seat of which comes about to the knees. These are made of some light weight material, often white, sometimes black, and sometimes just plain calico. They are cut after the fashion of bloomers, except that they come down to the ankles and are sloped off to be tight at the ankle. Then there is an insert at the seat, lengthwise of the material and about eight inches wide at the crotch and sloping toward the top. The whole of the top is then hemmed and a drawstring put in. This gives the effect of very baggy trousers with seat coming about to the knees and they are guaranteed not to tear when the wearer straddles a donkey. These must have been the regulation trousers of Turkey, because I remember now having seen some men with woolen suits with trousers cut this way. We saw them most in Turkey and Syria. With this garment they wear a shirt or piece of a shirt tucked in at the waist, and if they at any time wish to appear dressed up they wind a sash around their middles.

In Egypt and Palestine the most of them wear what appears to be a long nightshirt with a band at the neck. They are shaped at the sides and side back usually to rather fit the figure and not quite to be a mother hubbard. At the bottom they are slit up the side to about the knees. Of course the cheaper ones are not shaped so much. They are usually of white and have a straight band at the neck. The "boys" who work in the house as "maids" cooks or waiters all wear white, and the boy who waits on the table likes to wear a red sash high around his waist and red slippers. Most of them either go barefoot or wear some sort of slippers. Those who can afford it do wear shoes, and it is rather funny to see one of these nightshirts astride a bicycle, especially if he wears shoes and effects socks with gay supporters.

Some of the townspeople in all these places and all of the wandering tribesmen still wear the Arab or Moslem costume. Some of the well-to-do wear gorgeous silk robes, shaped somewhat and with straight sleeves. We saw some of them at the American Colony store in Jerusalem. The silks are heavy, usually striped with brilliant colors. They wear a headdress, of silk when they can afford it, and some of them are perfectly lovely. The headdress is a piece of silk or cloth about a yard or forty inches square. They take one end at about the center and put it over the head, keeping it on with a funny thing such as is sometimes seen in pictures. I can't remember what they call it, but it is made of a bunch of yarn or silk thread loose a few inches and then wound around for a couple of inches and then loose for a couple of inches. There are two of these together and they fit the shape of the head. Sometimes they are of bright colors and sometimes not. Sometimes it is one thick piece of material wound round with black silk all the way and large enough to go around the head twice. For a coat they wear something made of two widths of woolen goods, usually very loosely woven so that one can see through it. One width for the top and one width at the bottom. Both pieces are of the same length, sewed together at the sides and folded with the ends in to the center. A piece is scooped out at the top for the neck, hemmed in front and sewed at the top except for a place large enough to slip the hands out of easily at the folded side. This opening is left at the top on the selvage edge and bound. That is all there is to it. This dress is still worn all over the Near East. The peasant woman wears a long mother-hubbard-like dress and usually wears a cloth over the head without the headband. If they wear a veil it is of black cloth and is made on the same lines as the man's coat, and a piece of black cloth one can see through is sewn into the part where the neck would come, and no opening left for the hands. The veil part comes as long as the rest of the garment. Sometimes these are long as the waist and sometimes down to the ankles. The whole thing is then lifted to the head with the top of the veil at the top of the face. It is a shapeless mass and no woman can expect to look very lovely in one because it is impossible to tell whether she is slim or fat. The

peasant women do not wear the veil usually because they are poor people. It is only the well-to-do, or nearly well-to-do- who wear it, and it is still worn everywhere except in Turkey, and sometimes it is worn there, though very, very seldom.

In Jerusalem at the American Colony Store, we saw a dress for a bride of the Bedouin tribes. It was of white or cream white linen homespun and was deeply embroidered in red in all kinds of designs. It had full sleeves with a cuff at the wrist. It was most exquisite work and one could hardly tell the wrong side from the right with the small original intricate designs. They all stood for something familiar to the people. The embroidery on the top of the dress, the sleeves and the bottom was very deep - several inches - and it would take one person a lifetime to do it. There was a head cloth to match with embroidery along each side and deep at the ends. This was a yard or forty inches wide and perhaps two yards long. The dress alone retailed at a hundred dollars. The embroidery at the bottom of the dress was, of course, much broader than the rest of it and must have come up to the knees. The dress should come to the bottom of the ankle.

In Iraq the men effected all sorts of dress, but mostly European and Bedouin. Many of the servants wore the European style of trousers. On this boat, which has sailors from India mainly, they wear a sailor costume of navy blue calico or some such material cut European style. The shirt is regulation size but has a straight band at the collar. Of course, being English it is not open all the way down the front. It has slashed sides like the regular shirt but is still worn outside with a red cloth about the waist, and a queer little light weight straw hat on top of the head. This looks for all the world as if some kid had taken about two inches of the upper section of a straw hat and cut it off for his headgear. They perch on top of the hat and I don't know how on earth they ever manage to keep them on. The trousers are often rolled up to the knees and all are barefoot. The officers are all English. The doctor is an Indian. The waiters are Indian and wear regular white trousers.

In Turkey they cannot wear the fez or tarboosh any longer because Mustapha Kemal forbade it, but it is worn universally by the Moslems and native Christians in the rest of the countries. In Iraq they have a new hat called the Faisal hat which must be worn at least by all Government employees, and the native police. It is like the crown of a felt hat with a deep crease and is turned up all around about three inches. It looks very much like the American doughboy hat. The Jews usually wear European hats. Hope this is all enlightening.

Much love,

Affecti onately yours,

Mary Alma Page

REASONS FOR RECOGNIZING THE UNION OF SOVIET SOCIALIST REPUBLICS

The Executive Committee of the Council of the Fellowship of Reconciliation believes that active steps should be taken looking toward the early resumption of diplomatic relations between the governments of United States and Russia. This position is based on the following reasons:

(1) The United States should have friendly, direct and official relations with every government which has signed the Kellogg Pact. Non-recognition implies, or is felt by the unrecognized country to imply, an attitude of hostility. For the effective functioning of the Kellogg Pact such suspicion should be eliminated and regular direct appropriate channels instituted for the solution of all possible disputes by pacific means. The simplest of these means is normal diplomatic intercourse.

(2) Effective world-wide reduction of armaments necessitates the co-operation of Russia; and a good understanding between Russia, Great Britain and the United States would especially facilitate progress in disarmament. Russia, like present day Germany, has a vital national interest in world disarmament. She has already proposed to the League of Nations' Disarmament Commission both complete disarmament and 50% reduction. While it is true that the Russian Government has considerably increased its preparations for war in the last three years, these preparations are regarded as precautionary and defensive. So long as other nations keep up vast armaments Russia naturally feels that she must maintain not parity, but some defensive equipment. This winter is the psychological time to arrest the whole dangerous process. Following upon the auspicious conversations between President Hoover and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the United States, Great Britain, Germany and Russia should join their efforts in urging upon the whole world drastic armament reduction. If the expected renewal of diplomatic relations between Great Britain and Russia were matched by similar recognition by the United States, obviously much more cordial cooperation in moves for disarmament could be secured.

(3) The satisfactory settlement of war debts and other questions is more likely to occur through regular diplomatic procedure than in an atmosphere of hostile aloofness. This past summer has seen the adoption of the Young Plan with agreements providing for the liquidation of war debts exclusive of Russia. In the interest of general world peace a fresh attempt should be made to reach agreements with Russia; and the United States should do its part in seeking to work out a reasonable agreement as regards the debt owing to it. As we have negotiated compromise settlements with other countries we should not refuse to discuss similar settlements with Russia. Also in the vexed matter of propaganda and other difficulties, discussion and direct negotiation between the governments would seem to offer the most hopeful approach to stable agreement. The method of ostracism has been tried for ten years without good results; it is time that an initiative of friendship be undertaken.

(4) Recognition of Russia would tend to lessen war-fear and consequent persecution, within Russia of religious and dissenting groups. Fear of external attack is one of the predominating factors in Russian public opinion at the present time. However irrational this fear may seem to us it is the pervading psychology which underlies the conflict about the

Chinese Eastern Railway, the haste to press through the Five-Year Plan of economic development and the internal struggle with resisting peasants and religious groups. Because of this fear-psychosis, those who dissent from the Government's program are being treated with a severity comparable only to that which nations generally mete out to their conscientious objectors in war time. The Soviet Government is likely to increase rather than lessen this persecution if it is threatened from outside, but if it is drawn into friendly intercourse with the rest of the world, its war-fear may be allayed and the wave of persecution subside. We do not assert that all persecution in Russia today is due to the above cause, but we feel certain that fear of external attack is a large contributing factor.

October 28, 1929

Calcutta, India.
October 29, 1929.

My dear Betty:

We have just read in the papers of the wrecking of the Air mail plane from this part of the world on the Italian coast. Kirby and Sherwood have come to the conclusion that it carried down with it all the air mail letters which were mailed in Baghdad. Kirby is sending you another copy of his report letter and I am inclined to think that my letter mailed from Baghdad went air mail to the family and overland for your copy. At least that is what I thought was to be done with it, so if you get one of mine mailed at Baghdad please send copies to the whole list. It would probably be a wise idea to send letters to the family hereafter anyway, as it will not hurt them to get a second copy and it is not always safe to send airmail even if it does save much time.

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The letter of mine is one where I ask you on the back to send a copy of my letters hereafter to Miss Ruth Musgrave, Coquilhatville, Lotumbe, Congo Belge, Africa. If the letter never comes, of course it was lost. I have not been saving copies, as so much accumulates that it is too much to carry around.

Poor Sherwood is the hardest hit as he had sent a report letter which was written by hand and he had no copy of it. Also Maud had two long letters which went around to a list of people, and a birthday letter to Mrs. Eddy Sr.

I hope that you are having an easier time now than you did when you first came back from your vacation. Also that you are getting better adjusted to married life and enjoying yourself more all the time. When there is co-operation and a consideration of one for the other and real affection, things ought to be happier all the time.

Much love,

Affectionately yours,

Alma

November 5, 1929.
Calcutta.

*Pat's wallet
5.50 to 6*

Answered

My dear Betty:

I suppose that by this time you have found the notebook having the record of magazine subscriptions. My recollection is that everything was paid ahead except the Geographic which goes to 620 and one or two which are not due until about April or May. If you haven't the book ask Betty House.

However, we have a bill from the Commercial Chronicle out here which reads 9-26-9. My recollection is that I sent them a check for \$10 just before leaving, for the Chronicle only and not the other publications. It can be verified by check stub. Kirby did want this continued in China, and as it now stands it would be out right away.

The Asia Magazine has now showed up. Could you get in touch with them and ask them to send back copies from June to us at Shanghai. No use to send anything else here. There has not been anything from the World Tomorrow here in India so far. Neither Magazine or letters.

The magazines and papers received here all O.K. are as follows; Atlantic Monthly, Christian Century, Current History, Harpers, Living Age, Literary Digest, Scribners, Annals of the American Academy, Foreign Affairs quarterly review. Forum. Commercial & Financial Chronicle. U. S. Daily, Nation, New Republic and the Information Service of the Foreign Policy Assn. I don't remember what was done with Worlds Work, but I think we let it expire.

November 7. Enclosed is a letter from Kirby to be sent to those named at top. Also my letter. Have sent to the mothers and kiddies, by boat and no need to send them any. Last week I said include a copy for them anyway, but better not unless you get word after an air mail goes down. I think I shall just start sending mine by boat now all the time unless we want one to go for some special reason to get there on certain date. I am going to bring you an embfoidered tea set from China, unless you prefer something else. Then you will have something to remind you of all the letters you have sent out for me. I never dreamed that I would be so prolific a writer. We are living to the schedule now where we write to catch the weekly boat. It will probably be thus until we start home.

Things are very interesting and I am enjoying everything. I am developing into a most remarkable listener. I have always been good at listening, but I am getting better all the time. There are reasons and reasons. Hope things are going as splendidly with you. Much love,

Alvud.

At the Y.W.C.A.
Calcutta, India.
November 7, 1929

Dear Folks:

We are having a perfectly lovely time in India so far. We landed at Bombay and came right across to Calcutta, a trip of forty hours. We are staying at the Y.W.C.A. and have a room big enough for Kirby to spread his books around in and then have room to turn around and not knock anything off. It is perfectly huge about 16 x 30 with a ceiling at least 15 feet high and an electric ceiling fan. Electricity is making the Orient livable, together with the automobile.

The trains out here are rather different. The English and continental trains, instead of being one coach with seats on each side as the American coaches are, are divided into compartments seating six or eight persons, with a corridor running down the side of the coach. But out here they have the compartments without the corridor down the side. When we want to go to the diner we have to get out of the train at a station and enter the diner, staying there until the train stops at a station when we have finished. Then one gets off and sprints for a compartment, and stands around waiting half an hour for the train to start. You are usually inclined to spring because you can never tell just how long the train will stop. We got out only once. The rest of the time we had meals brought to the car. We eat very lightly when on the train and luncheon or dinner is a regular meal out here, so the best way to do is have some curry and rice brought to the car. Tea is always brought to the compartment. There is early morning chota (tea) and breakfast at 8:30 or 9 o'clock and luncheon at 1 o'clock, tea at 4 and dinner at 8. In the meantime if one gets hungry I suppose he can get something to eat easily enough. As a matter of fact, I have had to undergo two teas in one afternoon, which doesn't phase me at all. I am getting to be a regular tea toper.

We have had the dickens of a time trying to collect our luggage since we arrived here. We have come to the conclusion it would have been better to have stopped in Bombay a day or two longer and collect it, but we didn't. Some had been sent from London by boat and some from Cairo. It was all there when we arrived, but it was Saturday and the stuff from Cairo had not been taken off the boat and customs was closing. We have the stuff from London, but not the Cairo stuff, and part of my clothes are in the missing batch. However, I have plenty to get along with including three organdie dresses. As long as I can make connections with soap and water and an iron I am fixed fine. I will connect up with the luggage before we go to Darjeeling, as it is cold up there and we will need all sorts of warm clothing. We have to carry an additional luggage roll here for our bedding. We have to furnish our own blankets and sheets, pillows and pillow cases for the train, and we usually do use the blankets. Railway journeys are not bad with a good electric fan buzzing all the day and at night if necessary. And oranges to eat are extremely cheap and when we travel they are food and drink to us. The four of us ate three and a half dozen in the forty hour trip.

There are many things in India which are strange to us. Even the scenery is different. It is fine to see so much green again after the barren desert wastes to which we were accustomed in Iraq. But the trees are different. The palms are different. The date palm has given way to the coconut and palmetto and royal and many, many others. There are trees which we often read about but only see in parks or greenhouses. Nevertheless, they are lovely. The evening we left Bombay we saw beautiful scenery. The mountain tops looked like turreted castles and forts, and one had a lighthouse shape. They made beautiful pictures against the sunset sky. India is not all jungle or plain. Some of it is swamp and some is mountainous.

We have seen all sorts of queer people. There is one sect of the poorer classes who have a long lock of hair at the crown of the head. A very thin lock, to be sure, and it is usually twisted with a ring or curl at the end. This is known as the heaven lock. Its purpose is to pull the owner up to heaven when he dies. Slim chance

At the Y. W. C. A.
Calcutta, India.
November 7, 1929.

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would call it. However, it has suited them for many, many years. Most of the people are desperately poor, and wear pitifully few clothes. They really do not need them most of the time, and can't afford them anyway. The poorer classes do not wear trousers but take a couple of yards of cloth which was white once upon a time and wrap it around a couple of times and they have a pretty fair imitation of trousers, without the bother of cutting or sewing, and if they tear them one place they just turn it around and put the hole somewhere else. Some are naked to the waist and some wrap another piece of cloth about their chest. Sometimes it may be an old gunny sack, and when they are tired they spread it out and lie down on it.

Those who can afford it wear a shirt, and if you have ever bought a shirt made by the English you can well imagine that the shirt often comes to the knees of these people out here. I suppose the shirts are made out here, and perhaps they do make them long intentionally, but if you want to see how it looks get a Home shirt and try it on a man five foot six. Of course the shirt is worn loose. If he is somewhat affluent and wishes to make an impression he may have a vest on it, or even a coat. But his legs from the knees down are bare, also his feet. They can lie down on the steps or curbing or sidewalk or floor or any place where ~~the~~ there is room and sleep. The coolies are capable of tremendous effort at times. They will take a heavy trunk on their head and carry it up three or four flights of steps. However, the climate is hard and after making sustained efforts for a while they have to have idle periods to renew their energy. Even Kirby and Sherwood have to go a bit slower out here.

The higher class men often wear Western clothes. Most of them have had Western training either in Europe or America or in Mission Schools, and speak very good English. The servants of the rich people wear white trousers usually, and most of the servants everywhere wear a white coat almost to their knees. They like to have brass buttons in front. They wear their turbans as part of the uniform. There are turbans for every class, every sect, every race, every occupation and I guess if there is anything I have forgotten there is a different turban for it. Men do all the work for foreigners. They cook and sweep and dust and serve and wash and sew and then the other work usually done by men. About the only women who work in the Bengali provinces are the Anglo-Indians. There are some women servants in some of the Indian homes, but they often lead a hard life, but so do the women of the family if they are still in purdah, and most of them are. Bengali province is the most conservative in this respect.

The Indian women all wear the beautiful sari. (Right now let me say that I have learned to put one on). The sari of the women of the higher class are of lovely silks and here in Bengali they are worn over the hair. In the south not. A sari is 45 or more inches wide and at least five yards long. It is wound around the body and until recently no pin used in fastening, but now they use a pin on the shoulder mostly. The sari is usually of plain silk with a border of embroidery braid or even brilliants. Some of finely woven cotton with a woven border. They now usually wear an underskirt as it is more comfortable than twisting three more yards of goods around them. There is a short sleeve, butterfly waist worn with the sari, no stockings and either sandals or slippers with pointed toes. The poorer women are barefoot and sometimes have a scanty sari around them. If they can afford it they have one on the same style as the rich women but of cotton. Some of the women are quite lovely.

And some of them are beautiful. The maharani of Mayur Jang (Mahr Change) came in her to have tea with us last week, and yesterday afternoon, Miss Gregg, the Y.W. Secretary here, took us out to the Maharani's place for tea. Maud and I. The men are chasing interviews and Cooks. It is a perfectly lovely place and is furnished on the European style. The drawing room had lovely Chinese carved furniture in it. Of course everything in it was lovely, but nothing was any levelier than the Maharani, and her daughter who came in later. The Maharani was dressed in pure white silk with pointer white slippers. She is not only lovely, but she is an

intelligent woman of fine character. She was educated and brought up out of purdah. She has spent and is still spending a lot of energy in behalf of education, especially for the women. The daughter is a fine girl about 19, full of energy and life and interested in sports and art. The daughter wore a lovely pink silk sari with an edging of brilliants and white dots embroidered on in silk. Most of the women wear five or six light gold bracelets on each arm.

We have also met a Mrs. Roy, who is one of the finest, intelligent women of India. She is not only interested in education and works on all kinds of committees, but is interested in politics and keeps up with things political in spite of her 68 years. She is not beautiful, but she is wonderful, and all this in defiance of age and ill health. She was educated by her father and she and her sisters were raised out of purdah.

Maud and I have also seen a Mohammedan school for girls run by a Mohammedan woman who must keep purdah herself in order to get girls for the school. Most of the girls are in purdah after twelve or thirteen years. This school covers the primary and elementary grades. The girls are up to 16 years. Most of them marry as soon as they leave school. It is now against the law for a girl to be married before 14 years of age, but some were married very young before this law.

Last Friday, the four of us were permitted to see the poet, Rabindranath Tagore. You have all seen his picture and perhaps read some of his writings. He is a fine handsome old man, nearing seventy years of age. His face is fine and calm, with a spiritual beauty about it. His hair and beard are almost white, and have a soft wave in them. He talked to us for an hour on several subjects, and later Kirby and I shall go to see his school at Bolpur where they have several nationalities working together training people to work in the villages. Giving them a practical kind of education to fit them to raise their villages from ruin to prosperity.

Last Thursday and Friday were holidays in honor of the goddess Kali. On Friday afternoon and evening there were endless parades in front of the building of people taking clay statues to throw into the river. Kali is supposed to be a goddess who came and killed a demon who was doing much to hurt the people. The statues are made of clay and straw and are painted. Kali is a black statue and stands with her feet on the body of a man painted white. There is usually a large fan shaped ornament in back of Kali and the rafts they are on are decorated. Sometimes the fan shaped ornament is of peacock feathers. This ornament is not thrown in the river. While the people are marching along with the statue they have drums and native music, at least they call it music, and sometimes they stop and have a dance in the street and they set off fireworks in front of the procession. They always decorate the walls and buildings with lights on these holidays. On the big buildings electric lights are used. On walls and other buildings candles or tiny jars of oil are burned. It all looks very lovely. I must say that most of the higher class of people are not very orthodox in their religions. The whole East and Near East is a wonder field of adventure for young Christian doctors and educators willing to live their religion instead of preach it.

Hope things are going as well with you as they are with us. Love,
Ever,

wonderful.

Abma Page

P.S. Any letters addressed to me at 347 Madison Avenue, New York will be forwarded.

Keep it please

Send to all mothers & children
and everybody.

Calcutta, Nov. 11, 1929

Dear Folks:

Thanks love Anna

Yesterday the Indian Missionary Society had a sale on the lawn of the Y. W. C. A. Compound, and there were hundreds of women and school girls with their bright colored sari's and it was a real holiday for most of them. From noon until 5 o'clock it was strictly "purdah" and no men were allowed inside. There were curtains all around the front of the building so that when the carriages drove up there could be no staring of men as the ladies alighted. from their carriages in the port-cochere. Kirby started out after lunch to go to the library and for once he reports he was embarrassed to find himself in a place with so many women and a place where men were not supposed to be. Trust him that he did not return until well after 5 o'clock.

The joke of it all is that an Englishman called to take out one of the English secretaries. They are old friends and he has been here often, and he happened to come ten minutes early. When he approached he observed all the curtains and asked Abdul the doorman what it was all about, and that worthy broke forth and explained that "These women, they go on the maidan and all the gorawallas look at them, and they come here and even I can't see them, but never mind, you come with me." and he took him through a lane at the side of the building to a place where he could point out the crowd of women who were not to be looked upon by mere man.

This same Y.W. secretary was telling about a maiden American lady who was here some time before and was in a store buying some things to take back home with her. She was a very eccentric lady and when she saw something she wanted she wanted it badly. In this store was a lovely low jar, which was part of the furnishing of the store and used as a spittoon. However this lady saw it and liked the shape of it and the embarrassed storekeeper refused to sell and they argued back and forth, the lady not understanding why he did not want to sell and she continued bargaining with him until the man in exasperation threw out his hands and exclaimed: "Madam, is it I understand you wish to purchase the receptacle of my expectations?"

The other afternoon Maud and I went to the Hostel for women students and had tea with the hostess, who is furnished by the Y.W.C.A. She is a lovely English lady and she showed us over the place which was once the dwelling of a wealthy Hindoo family. There were lovely marble floors in part of it. It was three stories high and built with two inner courts. The larger first court is of course the men's court and has the nicer rooms, the second court back of the rooms on the back of the first court, is the women's court, smaller and with less light. On the flat roof was a place where they could come up to get some sunshine if it was not overlooked by other houses. The roof is the garden place of the city homes. Also the sleeping place on very hot nights. Up on the roof there were three small rooms with the brick fireplace in one end, tiny rooms, and when I asked what they were for, I was told that these were the rooms in which the widows of the household lived, each one to herself. All this is changed now and the house is flooded with happy young women who are getting an education, and are happy to have such a lovely place to stay while in school.

We leave here tonight to roam around for a while and see India. We shall stay tomorrow night in the home of the Neri family, one of the very Allahabad foremost families in India, The younger Neri being president of the Indian Sherwood Council. On Thursday we have lunch with the Viceproy of India at Delhi. The Neri family live in Allahabad, where we go first. We shall be moving rather fast now, until we sail on January 8th, except for a ten day stop here next month for Kirby and me.

Greetings and all good wishes of the season.

Ever

Anna Page

in home of Sam Higginbottom, head of an agricultural and industrial mission, doing some of the best work in Indian missions.

Agra, India. November 18, 1929.

Dear Folks:

Our luggage from London, and what we had sent from Cairo to save carting it across the desert, and which we did not stay to get ~~down~~ ^{down} of in Bombay, thinking it would follow in a day or two, ~~came~~ ^{came} a few hours before we left Calcutta for Allahabad on November 11th. We had shifted our program somewhat. In the city of Allahabad Sherwood stayed in the home of Jawaharlal Neru, who is the president elect of the Indian Congress, and we stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Sam Higginbottom of the ~~University~~ ^{Agricultural} Institute.

The Higginbottoms are doing a wonderful work of service in India. They are teaching the Indians to help themselves and running an experimental farm to improve dairy cattle, land, crops and people. The cattle of India are notoriously poor milkers, most of them not being worth their keep if they were fed as are milchcows at home, ~~but~~ ^{but} getting their feed from grass alone their milk is not rich in cream or of a large quantity. However they are strong and disease resistant and can live on almost nothing. Mr. Higginbottom has imported four different brands of good milk cattle and is crossing them with ~~the~~ ^{the} native cattle, ~~and~~ ^{and} trying different methods of feeding and raising the quantity and quality of the milk. He has taken land which was almost worthless and after leveling it in places and making dams and irrigation ditches, fertilizing and cultivating, raised the value of the land for renting from 1/2 rupee to 225 rupees, 175 of which goes for water. But there is a margin of 49 1/2 rupees against 1/2 rupee. Millet grows from 6 or 7 feet in bad season to 17 feet in good season and on good land.

But greatest of all their work is to take ~~the~~ ^{the} high caste boys, some of them relatives of high officials in native states, and ~~to~~ ^{to} teach them to work with their hands in the dairy and on the farm. ~~While~~ ^{also} they are teaching them ~~about~~ ^{about} sanitation and social service, and many of these boys are now doing work on the farm formerly done only by low caste people to earn some money ~~with which to pay for milk for poor children in the nearby villages.~~ ^{with which to pay for milk for poor children in the nearby villages.} Instead of trying to convert ~~and~~ ^{and} make evangelists of them they are ~~to~~ ^{to} live and act in a Christian way, whatever religion they cling to, and to help the people of the villages where help is so sorely needed. The great majority of the people of India live in villages, ~~most~~ ^{though} of the work of the missions has been in the cities. There are so many villages and they are so small that it is hard to distribute the work because it is not customary for Indian women to act as ~~the~~ ^{the} school teachers and few are educated anyway. ~~When~~ ^{When} ~~the~~ ^{the} men get an education they want to become clerks. There is a Bible class taught by Mrs. Higginbottom, and another one taught by one of the men for more advanced students. Some of the students come to Mrs. Higginbottom now and then for voluntarily for more study and reading of the Bible and to talk more about religion. A few of them become professing Christians before they leave, some after they reach their homes, but whatever religion they ~~are~~ ^{are} they all learn more about living in brotherly love.

A leper asylum is also under charge of the Higginbottoms and others of the mission. When they took it over there were about 50 lepers camped in front of the gate ~~running down the road.~~ ^{running down the road.} Now there are 400 and if there were money to build more barracks there would be more. They have turned away 300 for lack of room. Each leper or couple if both are affected, have a room and in front of it a garden space. There is a cooking space and a space for their bathing, better than they had in villages, and they are allowed so much grain per day and so much to spend for other food. They are happy and content. The unblemished children are taken away at two years ~~of age~~ ^{of age} and kept apart ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ good loving care. They are given schooling and educated for a place in the world. ~~Some~~ ^{Some} the lighter cases of children are kept apart and treated also, and when they are older given training to fit them for life. Most of them are cured and allowed to leave. I saw a class of girls about 12 years old who were being trained to do delicate laboratory work of all kinds and they are assured of positions in hospitals as soon as they are cured. But think of it, 300 people turned away to roam the country and perhaps infect others because there is not money enough to build rooms for them.

Mr and Mrs

At Delhi Kirby and I stayed with the Methodist missionaries, S. W. Clemens, ~~and his wife~~ Mrs. Clemens was delightful, but ~~she~~ Mr Clemens was away at the time. Kirby and Sherwood had lunch the first day with the Viceroy and were very much impressed with him. He is a great man trying his best to do what is right in a difficult and trying situation. He was very friendly and cordial to them and gave them much time to talk with him alone.

There were two English people there at the same time, a couple from around Simla working under the Bretheren. The man had been out 34 years and his wife 25. Very nice people and very good, but ultra conservative and rather dogmatic in their beliefs. You may be sure that during meals there was a lot of good humored discussion back and forth. There was one period when this man had not read a newspaper for seven years, but he had traveled a hundred miles behind Everest, and up through Persia, Turkestan and into Russian territory. He knows a lot about the backward hill peoples.

At Delhi we saw the old fort built by the Moguls in 1640 and a tower further on built by a man for his daughter so she could climb up and look out to the Jumna river. At this place was an Iron column raised in the 4th century. There were many ruins of old forts, an observatory, tombs and mosques. The houses of the common people do not remain as ruins because they are of mud and straw. We saw the huge Jama Masjid mosque, the largest in India where huge throngs worship on Fridays, and walked through a bazar street with little stalls on either side where the men either worked in silver, sold cloth or fruits or food, or else slept on the floor of the tiny shop. People were walking two and two, jostling one another or walking around the sacred cows. The children usually stared at us and many are afraid that if we look at them we will inflict them with the evil eye. I have often seen the children with a black or red ring around their eyes to protect them from the evil eye and the horses or bullocks sometimes have beads around their necks or over their heads to protect them from the evil eye. Of sanitation and cleanliness they know nothing and care ~~nothing~~ less.

Sherwood and Maud have left us for a while. We are here at Agra and as we are only here two days are staying at a hotel. There are good hotels and we are more free to do as we please. We went out to see the Taj Mahal yesterday afternoon after tea and stayed until after the full moon rose. It is called the most beautiful building in the world and it fully lives up to its reputation. It is built of pure white marble with portions of the Koran inlaid in black stone. There is some decoration in red stone inlaid in floral designs, but it is so delicate that only one section is perceptible at a short distance. There is much carving of flowers on the wall panels, but the thing which shows up most and gives it the look of delicate beauty is the carved stone grill work at windows and doors. It has stood 300 years and yet it is as white and beautiful today as it probably ever was. We liked it best just at sunset while there was still good light and with soft rose colored clouds floating behind, and with a frame of trees on either side. It is very lovely, like a dream in moonlight. It was built by a man for his favorite wife, who bore 14 children in 14 years and died at the birth of the last. Shah Jehan was a great, powerful man in Indian history. He had many subjects and much wealth. He could do great things, but I sometimes wonder how many workmen died that this beautiful monument might be here to delight us. I hope you can all see it some day.

Back in Delhi we saw the New Delhi being built by the Government at a very great cost. Beautiful buildings for the government and a Viceregal palace, but who can say whether they are better than what some people call a more constructive work? Oh well, who are we to question? I am having a lovely time and learning heaps. I don't get a chance to talk much now, naturally, but wait until I get back and I will talk your right arm off.

Much love,

Alma Page

Agra, India. November 18, 1929.

Dear Folks:

Our luggage from London, and what we had sent from Cairo to save carting it across the desert, and which we did not stay to get hold of in Bombay, thinking it would follow in a day or two finally came a few hours before we left Calcutta for Allahabad on November 11th. We had shifted our program somewhat. In the city of Allahabad Sherwood stayed in the home of Jawaharlal Neru, who is the president elect of the Indian Congress, and we stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Sam Higginbottom of the ~~Industrial~~ Agricultural Institute.

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Back in Delhi we saw the New Delhi being built by the Government at a very great cost. Beautiful buildings for the government and a Viceregal palace, but who can say whether they are better than what some people call a more constructive work? Oh well, who are we to question? I am having a lovely time and learning heaps. I don't get a chance to talk much now, naturally, but wait until I get back and I will talk your right arm off.

Much love,

Alma Page

Agra, India, November 18, 1929

Dear Folks:

Our luggage from London and what we had sent on from Cairo to save carting it across the desert, and which we did not stay to claim in Bombay, thinking it would follow in a day or two, came a few hours before we left Calcutta for Allahabad on November 11th. We had shifted our program somewhat. In the city of Allahabad Sherwood stayed in the home of Jawaharlal Nehru, who is the president-elect of the Indian Congress, and we stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Sam Higginbottom of the Agricultural Institute.

The Higginbottoms are doing a wonderful work of service in India. They are teaching the Indians to help themselves and running an experimental farm to improve dairy cattle, land, crops and people. The cattle of India are notoriously poor milkers, most of them not being worth their keep if they were fed as are milch cows at home. Getting their feed as they do from grass alone their milk is not rich in cream or of large quantity. However they are strong and disease resistant and can live on almost nothing. Mr. Higginbottom has imported four different brands of good milk cattle and is crossing them with native cattle, trying different methods of feeding, thus raising the quantity and quality of the milk. He has taken land which was almost worthless and, after leveling it in places and making dams and irrigation ditches, fertilizing and cultivating, raised the value for renting from 1/2 a rupee to 225 rupees. Of this 175 rupees goes for water, but there is still a margin of 49 1/2 rupees against 1/2 a rupee. Millet grows from 6 or 7 feet in bad season to 17 feet in good season and on good land.

But greatest of all their work is to take high caste boys, some of them relatives of high officials in native states, and teach them to work with their hands in the dairy and on the farm. They are also teaching them sanitation and social service, and many of these boys are now doing work on the farm formerly done only by low caste people to earn some money with which to buy milk for poor children in the nearby villages. Instead of trying to convert and make evangelists of them they are being taught to live and act in a Christian way, whatever the religion they may still cling to, and to help the people of India who live in villages where help is sorely needed. The great majority of the people of India live in villages, though most of the work of the missions has been in the cities. There are so many villages and they are so small that it is hard to distribute the work. It is not customary for Indian women to act as school teachers and few are educated enough to do so. When men get an education they want to become clerks. There is a Bible class taught by Mrs. Higginbottom, and another one taught by one of the men for more advanced students. Some of the students come to Mrs. Higginbottom now and then voluntarily for more study and reading of the Bible and to talk more about religion. A few of them become professing Christians before they leave, some after they reach their homes, but whatever religion they embrace they have all learned more about living in brotherly love.

A leper asylum is also under the charge of the Higginbottoms and others of the mission. When they took it over there were about 50 lepers camped in front of the gate. Now there are 400 and if there were money to build more barracks there would be more. They have turned away 300 for lack of room. Each leper, or couple if both are affected, has a room and in front of it a garden space. There is a cooking space and a space for bathing, better than they had in villages, and they are allowed so much grain per day and so much to spend for other food. They are happy and contented. The unblemished children are taken away at two years of age and kept apart under good loving care. They are given schooling and educated for a place in the world. The lighter cases among children are kept apart and treated also, and when they are older they are given training to fit them for life. Most of them are cured and allowed to leave. I saw a class of girls about twelve years old who were being trained to do delicate laboratory work of all kinds and they are assured of positions in hospitals

as soon as they are cured. But think of it, 300 persons turned away to roam the country and perhaps infect others because there is not money enough to build rooms for them!

At Delhi Kirby and I stayed with the Methodist missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Clemens. Mrs. Clemens was delightful, but unfortunately Mr. Clemens was away at the time. Kirby and Sherwood had lunch the first day with the Viceroy and were very much impressed with him. He is a great man trying his best to do what is right in a difficult and trying situation. He was very friendly and cordial to them and gave them much time to talk with him alone.

There were two English people there at the same time, a couple from around Simla working under the Brethren. The man had been out 34 years and his wife 25. They were very nice persons and very good, but ultra conservative, and rather dogmatic in their beliefs. You may be sure that during meals there was a lot of good humored discussion back and forth. There was one period when this man had not read a newspaper for seven years, but he had traveled a hundred miles behind Everest, and up through Persia, Turkestan and into Russian territory. He knows a lot about the backward hill peoples.

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Much Love,

MARY ALMA PAGE

Benares, November 22, 1929.

Dear Folks:

The past week has been one of extraordinary interest and profit. Our first stop after leaving Calcutta was in Allahabad. We stayed at the home of Sam Higginbottom, a missionary who is conducting an Agricultural Institute and teaching the Indians how to improve their farming methods. He and his wife also conduct a leper asylum. Sherwood and Maud stayed with one of the most prominent Indian families in India. The son, Jawaharlal Nehru is president of the Indian National Congress this year and the father was president last year. They are very wealthy and live in a beautiful mansion. Sherwood and I had several good talks about political conditions, one of them for two hours without interruption. We also met several other important leaders.

In Delhi, the capital of India, Sherwood and I had luncheon with Lord Irwin at the Viceregal lodge. He is Viceroy and Governor-General of India. He was most kind to us. Sherwood sat at his right during luncheon and I sat at the right of Lady Irwin. After luncheon he took us to his private office and talked most frankly with us about the situation in India.

The New Delhi which is being built is a most beautiful city. About 51 million dollars are being expended on new parliament buildings and other public structures. We visited the chief sights of the city, including the largest Moslem mosque in India.

We went to Agra especially to see the Taj Mahal. We were most enthusiastic about it. It is the most beautiful building I have ever seen. It is a mausoleum and memorial built by one of the kings about 300 years ago in honor of his wife. Under separate cover I am sending you a postcard picture of it. Words simply cannot describe its beauty. We saw at the best time of day, just as the sun was sinking. We also had the good fortune to be there when the moon was full and got a glorious view of it by night. We shall never forget it.

In Lucknow a series of meetings were arranged for me. I spoke three times at the Lucknow Christian College and also at the Isabelle Thoborn College for Women. We had a good visit with Enola Eno Forsgren, a classmate at Drake.

We will write you later about our experiences here in Benares, one of the great Hindu centers where pilgrims come from all over the country. On Sunday we met Sherwood and Maud and go on with them to Poona, Bombay, and Sabarmati. In the latter place we are to spend three days with Mahatma Gandhi, who is in many ways the greatest man now alive. Both of us are keeping remarkably well and enjoying ourselves to the very limit.

I hope that this letter will reach you in time to convey our most loving Christmas greetings. We shall be thinking of you all during this happy period and wish that we might all be together. May God's richest blessings be upon you!

Affectionately yours,

Kirby
P

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Affectionately yours,

Betty: Please send copies to
1. children
2. Perry Page
3. a. Leach Page
4. Arnold
5. Pat

Benares, November 22, 1929.

Folks:
Dear Mother:

The past week has been one of extraordinary interest and profit. Our first stop after leaving Calcutta was in Allahabad. We stayed at the home of Sam Higginbottom, a missionary who is conducting an Agricultural Institute and teaching the Indians how to improve their farming methods. He and his wife also conduct a leper asylum. Sherwood and Maude stayed with one of the most prominent Indian families in India. The son, Jawaharlal Nehru is president of the Indian National Congress this year and the father was president last year. They are very wealthy and live in a beautiful mansion. Sherwood and I had several good talks about political conditions, one of them for two hours without interruption. We also met several other important leaders.

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Affectionately yours,

Kirby

Please send copies to

1. children

2. O. S. Page

3. A. S. Page

4. Pat

5. Arnold

Bombay, November 29, 1929.

Dear Folks:

Since my last long letter we have visited Benares and Poona. The former is one of the holy cities of Hinduism. The Ganges is lined with temples and about a million pilgrims come from all over India each year. Bathing in the Ganges is supposed to wash away sins and to die in the holy city of Benares makes it certain that you will go to heaven. We hired a small boat and a guide and early in the morning were rowed up and down the river where we got a wonderful view of all that was going on. It was difficult for us to realize how supreme a privilege it was for these pilgrims to bathe in the Ganges and drink its sacred water.

In Poona we stayed at the Christa Seva Sangha, a Christian ashram or monastic order, where about 15 English and Indian Christians are living the communal life together. They conduct a student hostel or board house nearby, visit hospitals, jails and leper asylums, do evangelistic work, etc. They subject themselves to a rigorous discipline. Each man has a small cell, sleeps on a blanket on the bare floor, does some manual labor every day. None of them have private possessions, they eat together and have their bare necessities provided from a common fund. Seven times daily they have corporate worship and meditation together. At daybreak and at sunset they gather in a circle outdoors and spend half an hour in silence. They all wear Indian clothes, go barefoot and eat Indian food. They seem to be a joyous company and are making a deep impression upon the Indians in their neighborhood.

We are here in Bombay for four days before going on Monday to Sabarmati where we are to spend three days with Mahatma Gandhi at his ashram. We have never looked forward with more eagerness to any experience on the trip than to this visit. A week after this letter reaches you, a long description of our talks with Gandhi should reach you.

For the next two months you had better send your letter to Shanghai, China, care YMCA, 20 Museum Road. We sail from Colombo, Ceylon, Jan. 8th for Manila, stopping for a few days enroute at Hongkong, but it will be safer to send letter to Shanghai, where we will be from about February 5th or 10th onward.

We shall be thinking of you constantly during the Christmas season and hope that you will have a most joyous experience.

Affectionately yours,

Kirby

Please send
copies to
1. B. L. Bay
2. A. L. Bay
3. Bet
4. Arnold

Mahatma Gandhi's Ashram, Sabarmati, December 4, 1929.

Dear Folks:

We are having one of the most memorable experiences of our lives. We left Bombay at 8:45 Sunday evening via the Gujarat Mail and reach Ahmedabad at 6:45 the next morning. We were met at the station by Shamlal G. Banker and Ranchlal Amritlal, both wearing the famous white khadi Gandhi cap. The former is Secretary of the All India Spinners' Association and the latter is a mill owner. They drove us in two Chevrolets four miles north to the Ashram. From seven Sunday evening to seven Monday evening Gandhi maintains absolute silence. He met us upon arrival with a most genial smile but did not speak to us until later.

Gandhi is a frail little man, weighing less than one hundred pounds. He eats only fruit and nuts and drinks goat's milk. He arises at four o'clock in the morning and is an incessant and tireless worker. One wonders how he derives such amazing vitality from so frail a body.

The Ashram is a self-contained community or colony. The farm has about 300 acres of land. There are usually about 140 to 150 persons in the Ashram at a given time, including the regular workers and their families, and the students in the Ashram school. The purpose of the Ashram is to train workers for leadership in the villages of India and to serve as a center and clearing-house for the promotion of home spinning and weaving. The rules for admission are very strict and the discipline is very rigorous. I shall tell you more about these rules in an article which I am writing.

All meals are taken in a common dining room. Indian food is served in Indian fashion. Everybody sits on the floor and eats with the right hand. The meal consists of vegetables, fruit, milk or curds. Some of the men wear no clothes above the waist.

Gandhi is a great believer in home spinning and weaving. Each year India spends an enormous sum in purchasing foreign cloth, while tens of millions of Indians are idle for months of the year. Gandhi thinks that it is better to use this idle time for spinning and save the money that now goes for foreign cloth. So he is leading a movement to get the villagers to take up spinning and weaving. He always spins for at least an hour a day himself.

In a longer report letter I am giving an account of some of the things we discussed with him. I am going through his various writings with some care and am preparing a long article about him which I will send to you later.

We count this visit one of the red-letter experiences of our lives.

Both of us are well.

Affectionately yours,

Kirley

Mahatma Gandhi's Ashram.
Sabarmati, December 4, 1929.

Dear Friend:

Rare privileges have been accorded us during recent weeks. Mahatma Gandhi, Rabindranath Tagore, Lord Irwin the Viceroy and Governor-General, Jawaharlal Nehru, M. A. Jinnah, Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, Dr. M. A. Ansari, Sir Phiroze Sethna - these are among the noted persons we have met and talked with since our arrival in India.

Mr. and Mrs. Eddy and my wife and I are just completing three memorable days with Mahatma Gandhi. The way had been paved for us by letters from C. F. Andrews, by the fact that Gandhi had read one of Sherwood Eddy's books and passed it on to Jawaharlal Nehru, and that he had published most of my volume "War: Its Causes, Consequences and Cure" in twenty issues of his paper Young India. The result was that we were quickly taken into the family circle at the Ashram. We had three long interviews with Mahatmaji, in addition to many fleeting contacts with him during our stay, in spite of the fact that he had been away on tour for three months and was to leave again within a week.

We arrived at the Ashram on Monday, which is Gandhi's day of silence. Beginning at seven o'clock every Sunday evening, he observes absolute silence for twenty-four hours. This period is spent in rest, meditation, and writing his weekly contributions for Young India. Two of his friends met us at the Ahmedabad railway station and drove us four miles in a Chevrolet to our destination. Gandhiji received us with a most hospitable smile but was unable to converse with us until later. We spent the day talking with members of the colony or community and in observing the various activities being conducted. At seven we attended corporate worship. The entire company sits in the sand overlooking the river, under the open sky. Following the chanting of the evening prayers, Mahatmaji broke his silence and talked on a devotional theme. Then followed the daily business meeting. As the roll was called, each person reported the quantity of his or her spinning for the day. This was followed by a half hour's discussion of a proposed new daily schedule of meals and other activities. We could not understand what was being said but were intensely interested in watching the proceedings. With the utmost good humor and patience Gandhiji brought out the various points of view, until some forty persons had taken part in the discussion. No vote was taken but a unanimous agreement was reached.

Mr. Gandhi then invited us to his own quarters. He seated himself on his bed in the open garden where he sleeps, while we occupied a nearby bench, and there we talked for nearly an hour. Standing about the bed and the bench were a score of his co-workers, listening eagerly to the conversation. It was a picture we shall not soon forget. On the following afternoon we were invited to his office. In accordance with the Indian custom, we removed our shoes at the door and sat on the floor. He was working away at his spinning wheel. For an hour and a half we talked politics. He expressed himself with the utmost frankness concerning the present situation. The spinning seemed to be an almost automatic performance and did not in the least interfere with the conversation. On his busiest days and even when on tour he always spins for at least an hour. On the following afternoon we again talked for more than an hour while he went on spinning.

The four of us felt that we were in the presence of one of the noblest spirits of the age, if not indeed the greatest man now alive. He has a frail little body and weighs less than a hundred pounds. He wears a minimum of clothes, usually goes stripped to the waist, with his feet bare except for sandals when outdoors. His ears are large, his teeth are in wretched shape, his head is shaved, and yet you do not think of him as homely. He eats only fruit and nuts and drinks goat's milk. Arising at three or four o'clock every morning, he is an indefatigable worker. Rarely alone, he does much of his work with a crowd about him. Methodical in his habits, he is as punctual as a clock. His mind cuts like a razor. He expresses himself with brevity and clarity in the purest of English. Body and mind are subjected to an extraordinarily rigorous discipline, yet there is no trace of austerity about him. On the contrary, he is the most jovial of persons. Following the evening meal he usually takes the children for a walk. Ascetic in spirit, entirely selfless in his conduct, sacrificial in his devotion to the masses, Mahatmaji has captured the imagination and won the devotion of more millions of human beings than any other person for many generations.

We were fortunate in finding Rabindranath Tagore at his Calcutta home. Later we are planning to spend three days with him at Santiniketan. Although in frail health, the Poet talked with us freely for an hour concerning a wide range of questions. It was a benediction just to be in his presence. After our longer visit with him, I shall give you my impressions of his personality and influence.

At Allahabad we were entertained by Sam Higginbottom and Jawaharlal Nehru. The former is well known for his agricultural institute. The latter is President-Elect of the Indian National Congress, the annual gathering of the largest and most important political party; ex-President of the All-India Trade Union Congress; and leader of the Youth League of India. His father, Motilal Nehru, who was president of the Congress last year, was away on tour but we expect to meet him later. The Nehru family is very wealthy and lives in a palatial mansion. Father and son disagree drastically in many of their opinions on social questions. Jawaharlal is more radical in his political and economic ideas. He is a socialist, not a communist as is often asserted. A graduate of Harrow and Cambridge, he is brilliantly prepared for leadership. He is seeking to organize students and workers for more efficient activity in the campaign for independence from Great Britain, on the one hand, and from the landlords and industrialists, on the other. Favored with a magnetic and lovable personality, Jawaharlal kindles audiences and crowds wherever he goes and is the idol of Indian youth. So passionate is his revolt against the reactionary customs and cruel practices of conventional religion that he calls himself an agnostic, although it would be difficult to discover many men in any country who possess his untiring zeal for the public welfare. From the tinge of sadness in his countenance, it is apparent that he is suffering intensely over the miseries of his people. That he is honest and sincere is admitted even by his most vigorous opponents. Next to Gandhi, or perhaps even more so, he is the man most feared by the British Government. The name of Jawaharlal Nehru will appear prominently in the news from India during the coming months. His star is rising rapidly and soon may be shining most brilliantly of all.

From the Nehru home we went direct to the Viceregal Lodge in Delhi, where we were entertained at luncheon by Lord and Lady Irwin. We were deeply

impressed with the personality and attitudes of the Viceroy. Everywhere he is held in high honor and is trusted as few Viceroys have ever been. After luncheon he invited us to his private office and there unfolded to us some of the difficulties with which he is confronted and discussed some of the plans he has in mind. I have no doubt whatever that the Viceroy and the Labor Government intend to do the wise and generous thing for India. They are, however, faced with two sets of obstacles: they lack a working majority in Parliament and are therefore compelled to move cautiously in order to carry a portion of the Liberals and Tories with them; and, secondly, they must deal with an impatient and embittered public opinion in India.

The tragic truth is that a considerable proportion of educated Indians have lost confidence in the British people. Suspicion and enmity are distressingly prevalent, and old residents here say that the tide is still rising at a perilous pace. The ancient tradition of British fair play is rapidly being shattered. British promises are no longer accepted at face value. Even those Englishmen who have served India most faithfully and sacrificially are often objects of abuse and derision. C. F. Andrews is probably more highly honored and more deeply beloved than any foreigner in this land, yet two Indian journals recently launched vicious attacks upon him, one count in their indictment being the fact that he had dined with the British Ambassador in Washington! Reminders of the incalculable contribution that Britain has made to India's welfare are impatiently brushed aside or met with sneering references to British hypocrisy and greed. Gratitude toward alien rulers has never in all history been an outstanding characteristic of subject peoples who are passionately seeking freedom. Not until responsible self-government has been actually achieved will most Indian nationalists be in a mood to trust the British or to acknowledge India's debt to them.

The effect of the Viceroy's statement of November first has been in large measure dissipated by the debates in Parliament. At present sentiment is undoubtedly swinging rapidly to the left. Unless the four conditions of the Delhi manifesto - (1) the granting of an amnesty to political prisoners, (2) the admission that the Round Table Conference is to be assembled for the purpose of framing a Dominion Status constitution rather than to discuss when it is to be granted, (3) the selection of a preponderant number of delegates with the Congress mind, and (4) the exhibition of a new spirit on the part of the Government - "are as good as met by December 31, 1929," Gandhi will join the independence group and lead the country in a campaign of non-violent non-cooperation. Moreover, he will not call off the campaign even if, against his wishes, individual acts of violence are committed. He believes that the Labor Government lacks both the will and the power to grant complete Dominion Status. He will be satisfied with nothing less than Dominion Status without reservations. He desires to see British soldiers and a British commander-in-chief retained in India for a number of years, and to have the British Government temporarily continue the direction of foreign policy and the relations with the Indian States, but all this must be done at the invitation of the self-governing Dominion of India, subject to its control and to be terminated at its discretion or in accordance with a previous agreement.

In response to our question, "Why not attend the Round Table Conference and hear what the Government have to offer?" Mr. Gandhi replied: "The

answer is incredibly simple. If they mean business why not convince me, why not make a private statement to a few representative Indian leaders? If Mr. MacDonald would wire the Viceroy a definite promise of Dominion Status at the Round Table Conference and send a pledge that the Labor Government would stake its political life upon that promise, I would be satisfied and would be willing, if necessary, to fight the National Congress single-handed. I think I could pledge the Congress to attendance at the Round Table Conference and full cooperation in working out the policy of complete Dominion Status without reservations. This assurance from Mr. MacDonald should be in writing but could be kept entirely private and not be passed on to any others than the small group of Indian leaders to whom it is communicated by the Viceroy. This delegation might even be confined to one or two leaders. If some further word is not received from the Government, the Lahore Congress will certainly declare for complete independence and launch a campaign of non-cooperation and civil disobedience."

Mr. Gandhi and other Indian leaders with whom we have talked freely admit that under self-government there will undoubtedly be a much greater degree of inefficiency and corruption. They foresee a period of chaos and possible bloodshed. But they are prepared to face the worst conditions that can be predicted rather than to prolong the present status which they regard as humiliating, demoralizing and intolerable. They, therefore, dismiss as irrelevant the question as to whether or not India is fit for self-government. They say that, if necessary, they would prefer to go to hell as citizens of a free nation than to dwell in paradise under British rule. To be "eaten up by the hordes from the North-West and Central Asia," says Mahatma Gandhi, would be a "position infinitely superior to one of ever-growing emasculation...a sudden overwhelming swoop from Central Asia...would be humane deliverance from the living and ignominious death which we are going through at the present moment." So intense is the longing for freedom and so bitter is the hatred of alien domination that British rule in India is certain to become less and less efficient. It can be prolonged beyond another decade only by the bloody sword. Nothing is more certain than that India will achieve self-government within the immediate future or - one hesitates to contemplate the outcome.

It is easy to sneer at the Indian National Congress, as is the fashion in Anglo-Saxon circles out here, and say that it represents a mere handful of India's three hundred millions and that the masses are utterly indifferent to politics. It is beside the point to say that the revolt against British rule is confined to an infinitesimal minority. When in human history did the populace at large ever support a revolutionary movement until it had already achieved success? Slavery and serfdom were not abolished by collective action on the part of slaves and serfs. The group of Indians who are determined to win freedom for their nation is already sufficiently large and vocal to make life simply intolerable for British rulers if responsible self-government is not granted at an early date.

India obviously cannot gain freedom by war. But other methods are available. The non-violent non-cooperation movement led by Gandhiji in 1920 and 1921 came very nearly succeeding, as British officials have since admitted. In desperation the Mahatma may again summon his people to a program of non-cooperation. More than 30,000 Indians gladly went to prison during the former campaign and an even greater number may again crowd the jails of the land. A

more terrifying prospect is that the policy of non-violence may be rejected and a campaign of rioting and assassination resorted to. Already there have been an ominous number of political murders and riots. Some of the strongest trade unions are under the sway of leaders who openly advocate the adoption of revolutionary tactics. If another General Dyer, under the sway of the military mind-set that law and order must be maintained at any cost, should again shoot down in cold blood hundreds of Indians as was done at Amritsar, the situation might easily get out of hand all over the country and the terrible scenes of the Mutiny be repeated. After all, there are only 165,000 Britisners in the whole of India. An inflamed and infuriated nation of 320 millions cannot permanently be ruled by British bayonets. Moreover, there is an alarming possibility that the Communists may deliberately resort to provocative measures in order to incite British officials to adopt a drastic policy of repression. The number of Communists in the entire country is probably very small, but only a handful of incendiaries is needed to kindle a huge conflagration when so much inflammable material is scattered about.

There are drastic differences of opinion as to how serious would be the results if the Lahore Congress should decide to begin non-cooperation and civil disobedience. One group maintains that nothing significant would happen, that at most there would be occasional riots which would easily be put down, that the few non-cooperators who refused to pay taxes would only lose their property and find themselves in jail, and that the vast majority of Indians would entirely ignore the non-cooperation movement. The other group contends that the country is better prepared for non-cooperation now than it was in 1920 and 1921, that the volume of bitterness and hatred against Britain has increased enormously, and that repressive measures on the part of the Government would only fan the flames. Mr. Gandhi is to be found in the latter camp. He told his co-workers recently that the anticipated campaign early next year would be his last great crusade and that he expected to put every ounce of his energy in-to it. The National Congress, the organized workers, the students - and Mahatmaji; this is a combination of opponents that I would not care to have arrayed against me if I were Viceroy of India! To grant complete Dominion Status at this time would undoubtedly be a dangerous procedure; to withhold it may prove to be far more perilous.

My next letter will be sent from Lahore where, from December 26th to January 1st, I shall be attending the sessions of the Indian National Congress.

Cordially yours,

Kirby Page

347 Madison Ave., New York City.

DR. MARION E. KENWORTHY

105 EAST FIFTY THIRD STREET

TELEPHONE PLAZA 1025

December 9, 1929

Mrs. Kirby Page,
% Y.M.C.A.,
5 Russell Street,
Calcutta, India

Dear Mrs. Page:

I hesitate very much to give you advice about taking pituitary without having more information about you as to blood pressure, and so on. My suggestion would be that you stop the medicine completely for a month, meanwhile having the doses split into two. After the month is up begin taking the contents of one-half a capsule at night and keep this up without any additional dosage for another six weeks. It may be possible that you will develop headaches even with this dose. If so, one can't say as to whether the headaches will come from too little or too much dosage but since you have had this long period of headache upsets it would seem as though your doses were too large. If the headaches do return even with the very small doses, the only suggestion I have to make is that you entirely cut them out until you return to the States.

Thank you so much for your very good letters. They have been extremely interesting to me, especially the one on the Russian situation for the information in the newspapers here is so often unreliable. I am so happy to hear that you are having such a good trip.

Very sincerely yours,

Marion E. Kenworthy

MEK/LET

Calcutta. December 10, 1929.

Dear Folks:

Well, here we are back in Calcutta again and Maud and Sherwood are in the South. Since we left here a month ago, we have been to Allahabad, to Delhi, to Agra to see the Taj Mahal, to Lucknow to see friends, to Benares, the holy city of the Hindus where the holy Ganges river flows, to Poona to visit a Christian Ashram, to Bombay, to Sabarmati to see Gandhi, to Bombay and then on to Calcutta again where we collect ourselves and our thoughts and do a bit of work - Kirby insists a great deal of work must be done and goes at it as usual and even induces me to do some - then to Santiniketan to see Tagore and to Darjeeling to see the mountains, back to Calcutta for Christmas and then I shall go South to visit Madras and Madura and wait for Kirby to come back from Lahore and the Indian Congress meeting. Lahore will be a very interesting place, but Maud and I prefer the sunshine of South India to the sunshine and cold nights of Lahore.

I can't remember whether I wrote you from Benares or not, certainly not after being on the river, but I am sure I wrote from Agra. Kirby says I have not written for ages. Maybe he is right, anyway he kept me so busy last week that I had no time to write letters.

We did not try to see much at Benares. We went to see the life on the river and we saw it. For some reason or other the Ganges River is more holy at Benares than at any other place, and for another unknown reason it is holy on one side only, because if a person dies on the other side of the river he will not go to paradise or its equivalent, therefore it is a barren waste. There must have been an economic reason in times past, perhaps because the banks on that side are low and at flood time everything would be washed away. You must remember that the rains come all at once in this land and the river rises a matter of about 40 feet, and buildings on the livable side are built accordingly, and the steps leading down from the various temples and places are many in number and built in this way to accomodate the people at various heights of the water. We passed by the high priced boat and got into a small rowboat which was propelled by two coolies and fitted with a guide, and old man who ran about half a mile behind our tonga to get the job. There were others who wanted it too. The whole side of the river is covered with temples and huge buildings belonging to certain rajahs and maharajahs and temples and buildings belonging to rich priests and Brahmins and temples and more temples and burning ghats and temples and still more temples. Most of the buildings have small holes in the sides of the foundations and along the roofs in which various pigeons make their nests and since no one is allowed to kill the birds they breed and multiply beyond measure and the whole air is filled with them. The cow is a sacred animal in India, most of them being the what we call the Brahmin cattle, with a hump at the shoulder, and it is a greivous sin to kill one and no matter how old or worthless, they are allowed to live, and to enter the temples and they seemed to be endowed with the skill of goats and climbed the steps as easily as we did, and the priests sell feed for them and have other ways of using them to get money from the poor superstitious peasants and pilgrims to the holy city. We went to the Golden Temple, housing various shrines made of clay and painted red or blue where people worshiped and made their way around amid cows and piles of dirt and rubbish and piles of old flowers used in worshipping. We went down to the river in the very early morning, as the people who can always come to the river for their morning bath. They get down to the edgy and bathe the face and rinse the mouth and get in and bathe the body and head and drink the water and wash out their clothes, a straight piece of cloth, and then sit on the bank and recite

poetry or prayers or if they do not know them and cannot read get a priest to read to them from the holy books, and they sit and meditate beside the holy stream. Religion is a part of their life, but it is all so much of a jumble, it has brought them to such a pass in life and one must feel sorry for them, but one must admire the way they go at it. Hinduism has some fine things in it, just as any other religion has, but it also has some revolting things and some traditions and practices that are maddening in the hold they have on the people and which really keep them slaves to tradition. The river was larger and much cleaner than we thought it would be and some parts of it are frightfully deep, with swift flowing water, and the life at the sides was decidedly interesting, yet frightfully depressing. Frankly, I am glad I don't live there. It is a real stronghold of Hinduism in its various cults, and I imagine the missionaries make about as much impression as if they butted their heads against a stone wall, yet, if you but often enough and many try it all the time, they may make some impression. This was one of the two places where we stayed in a hotel and did not have contact with the missions. We rode from the hotel to the river in a tonga, which is a carriage with two seats with back to each other, one facing front and the other facing back. The passengers usually sit in the back seat because it is easier to get into, but if you do not watch and the tonga starts with a jerk you may find yourself in the road. We haven't yet, but have heard of people who have hit the dust. The way is through narrow streets usually, lined with walls or shops with here and there a large building. The shops are pitifully small in most cases, sometimes being merely a hole in the wall, and sometimes somebody's stairway. Often it is only the few feet of space beneath a shop about the size of a show window, and the people in the lower one must sit. They usually sit on the floor in the shops anyway. The tonga has no springs, or at least the ones we met didn't, and the streets are not what one would call smooth, consequently we had a good appetite for breakfast when we got back to the hotel.

We visited the Ashram of Father Winslow (High Church, English) at Poona, and the Ashram of Mahatma Gandhi at Sabarmati, near Ahmedabad. We had a very interesting time at both places. We ate Indian food served in Indian fashion, which means sitting on the floor with your feet wound up in front of you some way so they will not get in the way, but there is no way under the sun to keep them from going to sleep, unless it is being born that way. Usually one sits on a mat or else on a small platform raised about two inches from the floor and just large enough to double up on, with the large brass plate in front. When I say large, I mean just that because they are usually about 12 inches wide. Usually there are small bowls, like finger bowls, in which to put any food which might be inclined to run around too much, such as bean soup, which is called dhal, or curds, which we call clabber, at home, or just plain boiled milk. A spoon is usually provided to eat the curds, if not you drink it or use your own utensils consisting of three fingers of the right hand, thumb not barred. You can also the chappotis as a scoop. This happens to be bread in the form of a thin pancake, baked, and very useful at times. Otherwise you just go to it and have a good time and then go out and take a bath. They take their bath before eating, and we needed to bathe our hands at least afterwards.

I don't know if you are familiar with the term Ashram or not, but out here it is used to denote a religious retreat. The members usually live rather a communal life, working and eating and worshipping together, and doing away with the luxuries of life as unnecessary. They are a fine lot of consecrated people, but I am frank to confess the routine would drive me mad. Kirby is the same way, I am afraid we are both pretty much rebels and individualists. Anyway, we have to admire these people. The Ashram at Poona is for men only, and because of

the extreme simplicity of the life is attractive to the Indians. Life in the Orient is extremely simple, wants are few, and it is hard for the Westerner, to come into close contact with them because of the way he lives, because they do not feel at ease in a Western home and do not know how to appreciate its conveniences, and do not know how to use or care for the things that a person from the West considers necessary. At Poona they have worship seven times a day and yet they find time for many things to help out in the village or in a hostel for college men, or in the college.

At Sabarmati they are mostly Hindu. These people, men and women and children, are all part of a large family. Gandhi is the father of them all, spiritually. It is a life of help for one another. They do all the work about the place, each doing a part, as they will not hire any work done which they would not do themselves, even the scavenging. They take turns at the different tasks, except such specialized jobs as directing the kitchen or other heads of departments, where a person is fitted for a certain thing and something everyone could not succeed at. Each person must do a certain amount of spinning during the day, usually taking an hour for it. It seems strange to us to think of spinning, but when you consider that the people are desperately poor, that 90 percent of them are agriculturalists, and that during the rainy season they are idle, you can well see how a ~~poor~~ person can make his cloth cheaper than he can buy it when the only cost is the raw material, and sometimes not that. The people of India were once wonderful spinners and weavers and made very fine cloth and had beautiful print patterns, but England practically killed it in order to sell cloth woven in England of Indian cotton by putting exorbitant taxes on the cloth that went out and making it easier to buy cloth coming in. It was a dead industry and they have been trying to revive it.

When we arrived at Sabarmati it was Gandhi's day of silence, which he keeps 24 hours each week. Necessary to do so to get work done. Good discipline also. He greeted us with a smile and later sent us a note asking us to make ourselves at home and to see the town of Ahmedabad with the friends who had met us at the station. We also saw over the Ashram. Ahmedabad is an industrial town, textile manufacturing. They had a big strike in 1918 and Gandhi helped the workers and owners to come together and ever since then they have been on the best of terms and all are his friends and they never anticipate another strike as they have found out how to get together and settle their difficulties. The silence was broken at 7 in the evening. At that time they all go to the place of worship, out under the trees and sky and sit on the clean sand while they have songs and a talk from Gandhi and then discuss any matters of business. The women sit in one part and the men in another. There is roll call to see if everyone has done the allotted amount of spinning. They are all in bed by 9 P.M. and up again by 4 A.M. with worship at 4:15, tasks to perform then breakfast at 6:30, then they go to their work at 7:30 and work until breakfast at 11, or they may call this meal tiffin. then an hour spinning and work until 4:30 then a bath and clean up and supper at 6:30. then recreation until worship at 7.

Mr. Gandhi had a talk with us after worship and we, or rather the men, talked politics with him for an hour. He sat on his bed, or chakka, which is a cot about 18 or 24 inches high and instead of having springs has a network of tape about two inches wide woven from side to side and end to end. A mat is spread over this for sleeping, and rolled up in day time and the chakka used to sit on with the feet doubled up under one. We sat on a bench and numerous of the people of the Ashram stood grouped behind the chakka and bench. It was all out in the open in front of Gandhi's house. The next day we had another hour and a half with him in his office, with a few more followers about, and the men

politics the whole time, for you must remember that Politics is the one very live subject in India at this time and Gandhi is indeed and in truth the one principal figure. Gandhi did not talk the way they had expected him to talk, and England is not acting the way they think she ought to act and not acting the way India wants her to act, and things looked mighty black when the conversation was finished. They have talked politics the length and breadth of India and are mightily interested in events here, because they are going to effect the rest of the world some time, and things looked awfully black. The next day the men had another long talk with Mr. Gandhi, and they came to a better understanding of each other's terms, and consequently closer together, but things still look pretty black for India, and anyone who thinks that Gandhi is a dead one or a back number will have another guess coming in January.

We had read so much about Mr. Gandhi being such an insignificant looking little man that we were prepared to see anything, especially as he had just returned from a three months hard tour of India, but he was looking extremely well, and when one sees his smile one forgets how he looks at all, in fact Kirby said that it had never dawned on him that Gandhi had a moustache until the third day while they were talking he suddenly happened to notice it. His head is shaved, his ears do stick out, his upper teeth are out and he is usually dressed only in a dhoti (length of cloth wrapped around the hips and draped over the legs), but one forgets all this when talking to him. He has a sense of humor and a keen wit. He speaks excellent clear English, and he has an ordered mind and being a very busy man, does not waste words, but states his ideas clearly and to the point. It is the mind and personality of the man that gets one, that and his utter selflessness. He isn't working for Gandhi, he is working for his people and his country. There isn't any doubt about it, he is a great and a good man. He doesn't wear a homespun dhoti for show or to attract attention, he wears it to show that people can get along with what they make themselves, and do not need foreign clothes. Anyone, no matter who he be, can dress as well as Gandhi does, anyone, no matter who he be need not be ashamed to appear in what he can afford, when the leader of them all leads in simple dress.

Mr. Gandhi lives now on a fruit and milk diet. One thing is his health the other is to cause no trouble. He limits himself to five articles in one day, so that people who entertain him will not prepare too many things and too much. He also eats nuts and dried fruit and stewed fruit. India has many fruits and therefore he is easy to feed. Mrs. Gandhi is a very shy, quiet little person and always prepares his food for him. She also travels with him to look after him. The people are all devoted to him at the Ashram and call him Bapu (father) with ji added on the end usually, as a title of respect. The grown people of the Ashram ~~are~~ all ~~entirely~~ practice celibacy, so that they will have no ties of family to hold them back if the country needs them at any time, and they can go out and work without restraint or fear for family to hold them back. They have to be on probation for a year before entering the Ashram. There are now about 200 people. We would not have missed it for anything, and were very cordially received, because Mr. C. F. Andrews wrote a letter to Gandhi, and he is the best beloved Christian in India. Kirby had charge of Mr. Andrews program when he was in America. In fact he has been away and is at present there, but leaving soon. Mr. Gandhi had also read one of Sherwood's books and had printed Kirby's book on war, or parts of it, in his paper. The men had also seen a very great number of people of all shades of political thought, both English and Indian, Mohammedan, Christian and Hindu. This is a great time to be here, and we are all anxious to see what will happen at the Lahore Congress. It may be that dreadful things will follow.

Feeling fine, and pleased with life. Much love,
Yours,

File not to be sent to List

Calcutta, December 12, 1929.

Dear Mother:

I thought perhaps you people might like to know something about the country of India. It is altogether different from the desert countries we have passed through, at least the part we have seen is. India, as well as the others, must depend upon water, but it is not a desert waste as is Iraq. They have a long rainy season and there are a number of rivers, and the farmers also have wells to use for irrigation. With these wells they have huge skin buckets which are pulled up by two oxen. It usually takes two men to work the bucket and oxen. America would say use a power pump, but you must remember that they do not have electricity except in the cities, and to begin with a pump costs money, even a pump run by oil, and the farmer in India has almost no money.

The majority of the people of India, 90 %, are agriculturalists, and ~~about~~ the great majority of them are very poor. Indeed, many of them never have enough to eat as long as they live, and their possessions are very few indeed. They have never had many needs. The climate is warm and many clothes are not necessary. Fruits are rather plentiful and need little care, and crops could be abundant if they knew how to care for them, yet transportation, even on the railroads is exorbitant. It is cheaper for the industries of Bombay to get coal from England than from a few hundred miles up country. There are some few people who are enormously rich, but a very few.

The real Indian requires little furniture, as they sit on the floor, usually on small mats or carpets, and as they sit on the floor to eat they do not need dining tables. They do not use plates and knives and forks, therefore that is dispensed with. They have a large brass plate, if they can afford it, and two or three small bowls, the size of finger bowls or smaller, to use with curds or milk or bean soup, which they call Dahi. Each one usually has a brass bowl to use as a drinking vessel, and they do not drink directly from the vessel, but either pour the water into the mouth, or pour it on to the hand and drink from the hand. The poorer people eat from the same pot or else from banana leaves. They usually do not sleep on beds, but roll the bedding out on the floor and sleep thus. Sometimes they roll the bedding out on the charka, or wooden cot. They also use the charka to sit on in the day time. The charka has no springs, but has wide, heavy cotton tape about two inches wide, woven from side to side and end to end.

When given the proper attention and plenty of water and properly fertilized, crops are very prolific and grow very high. There are numerous trees which have beautiful flowers, and poinsettias, -well at Lucknow, I saw poinsettias growing ten and fifteen or more feet high. There was a hedge of them at the Lucknow Girls College which the sparrows used as a roosting place. Chrysanthemums also grow very well here. I have just seen some wonderful blossoms. Real show flowers. Will tell you about the South after I have seen it.

I attended a Hindu wedding last evening. It was in the church or meeting house of the Brahmo Samaj, a sect of radical Hindus. It was very much like our own wedding ceremony and was probably taken from the Christian ceremonials. The old priest was a very venerable looking old fellow and he was as saintly an old fellow as many Christian preachers I have seen. After the ceremony we had supper out in a pavillion erected for the purpose and there was much delicious Indian food and sweets. Very interesting indeed. More later, Lots and lots of love,

Yours, affectionately,

Calcutta, December 10, 1929.

Dear Folks:

Well, here we are back in Calcutta again and Maud and Sherwood are in the South. Since we left here a month ago, we have been to Allahabad, to Delhi, to Agra to see the Taj Mahal, to Lucknow to see friends, to Benares, the holy city of the Hindus where the holy Ganges river flows, to Poona to visit a Christian Ashram, to Sabarmati to see Gandhi, to Bombay and then on to Calcutta again where we collect ourselves and our thoughts and do a bit of work - Kirby insists a great deal of work must be done and goestat it as usual and even induces me to do some - then to Santiniketan to see Tagore and to Darjeeling to see the mountains, back to Calcutta for Christmas and then I shall go South to visit Madras and Madura and wait for Kirby to come back from Lahore and the Indian Congress meeting. Lahore will be a very interesting place, but Maud and I prefer the sunshine of South India to the sunshine and cold nights of Lahore.

I can't remember whether I wrote you from Benares or not, certainly not after being on the river, but I am sure I wrote from Agra. Kirby says I have not written for ages. Maybe he is right, anyway he kept me so busy last week that I had not time to write letters.

We did not try to see much at Benares. We went to see the life on the river and we saw it. For some reason or other the Ganges River is more holy at Benares than at any other place, and for another unknown reason it is holy on one side only, because if a person dies on the other side of the river he will not go to paradise or its equivalent, therefore it is a barren waste. There must have been an economic reason in times past, perhaps because the banks on that side are low and at flood time everything would be washed away. You must remember that the rains come all at once in this land and the river rises a matter of about 40 feet, and buildings on the livable side are built accordingly, and the steps leading down from the various temples and places are many in number and built in this way to accommodate the people at various heights of the water. We passed by the high priced boat and got into a small rowboat which was propelled by two coolies and fitted with a guide, an old man who ran about half a mile behind our tonga to get the job. There were others who wanted it too. The whole side of the river is covered with temples and huge buildings belonging to certain rajahs and maharajahs and temples and buildings belonging to rich priests and Brahmins, and temples and more temples and burning ghats and temples and still more temples. Most of the buildings have small holes in the sides of the foundations and along the roofs in which various pigeons make their nests and since no one is allowed to kill the birds they breed and multiply beyond measure and the whole air is filled with them. The cow is a sacred animal in India, most of them being what we call the Brahmin cattle, with a hump at the shoulder, and it is a griveous sin to kill one and no matter how old or worthless, they are allowed to live, and to enter the temples and they seemed to be endowed with the skill of goats and climbed the steps as easily as we did, and the priests sell feed for them, and have other ways of using them to get money from the poor-superstitious peasants and pilgrims to the holy city. We went to the Golden Temple, housing various shrines made of clay and painted red or blue where people worshipped and made their way around amid cows and piles of dirt and rubbish and piles of old flowers used in worshipping. We went down to the river in the very early morning, as the people who can always come to the river for their morning bath. They get down to the edge and bathe the face and rinse the mouth and get in and bathe the body and head and drink the water, and wash out their clothes, a straight piece of cloth, and then sit on the bank and recite poetry or prayers or if they do not know them and cannot read, get a priest to read to them from the holy books, and they sit and meditate beside the holy stream. Religion is a part of their life, but it is all so much of a jumble, it has brought them to such a pass in life that one must feel sorry for them, though one must admire the way they go at it. Hinduism has some fine things in it, just as any other religion has, but it also has some revolting things and some traditions and practices that are saddening in the hold they have on the people and which really keep them slaves to tradition. The river was larger and much cleaner than we thought it would be and some parts of it are frightfully deep, with swift flowing water, and the life at the sides

was decidedly interesting, yet frightfully depressing. Frankly, I am glad I don't live there. It is a real stronghold of Hinduism in its various cults, and I imagine the missionaries make about as much impression as if they butted their heads against a stone wall, yet, if you butt often enough and many try it all the time, they may make some impression. This was one of the two places where we stayed in a hotel and did not have contact with the missions. We rode from the hotel to the river in a tonga, which is a carriage with two seats with back to each other, one facing front and the other facing back. The passengers usually sit in the back seat because it is easier to get into, but if you do not watch and the tonga starts with a jerk you may find yourself in the road. We haven't yet, but have heard of people who have hit the dust. The way is through narrow streets usually, lined with walls or shops with here and there a large building. The shops are pitifully small in most cases, sometimes being merely a hole in the wall, and sometimes somebody's stairway. Often it is only the few feet of space beneath a shop about the size of a show window, and the people in the lower one must sit. They usually sit on the floor in the shops anyway. The tonga has no springs, or at least the ones we met didn't, and the streets are not what one would call smooth, consequently we had a good appetite for breakfast when we got back to the hotel.

We visited the Ashram of Father Winslow (High Church, English) at Poona, and the Ashram of Mahatma Gandhi at Sabarmati, near Ahmedabad. We had a very interesting time at both places. We ate Indian food served in Indian fashion, which means sitting on the floor with your feet wound up in front of you in some manner so they will not get in the way, but there is no means under the sun to keep them from going to sleep, unless it is being born that way. Usually one sits on a mat or else on a small platform raised about two inches from the floor and just large enough to double up on, with the large brass plate in front. When I say large, I mean just that because they are usually about 12 inches wide. Usually there are small bowls, like finger bowls, in which to put any food which might be inclined to run around too much, such as bean soup, which is called dhal, or curds, which we call clabber, at home, or just plain boiled milk. A spoon is usually provided to eat the curds, if not you drink it or use your own utensils consisting of three fingers of the right hand, thumbs not barred. You can also take the Chappottie as a scoop. This happens to be bread in the form of a thin pancake, baked, and very useful at times. Otherwise you just go to it and have a good time and then go out and take a bath. They take their bath before eating, and we needed to bathe our hands at least afterwards.

I don't know if you are familiar with the term Ashram or not, but out here it is used to denote a religious retreat. The members usually live rather a communal life, working and eating and worshipping together, and doing away with the luxuries of life as unnecessary. They are a fine lot of consecrated people, but I am frank to confess the routine would drive me mad. Kirby is the same way; I am afraid we are both pretty much rebels and individualists. Anyway, we have to admire these people. The Ashram at Poona is for men only, and because of the extreme simplicity of the life is attractive to the Indians. Life in the Orient is extremely simple; wants are few, and it is hard for the Westerner, to come into close contact with them because of the way he lives, because they do not feel at ease in a Western home and do not know how to appreciate its conveniences, and do not know how to use or care for the things that a person from the West considers necessary. At Poona they have worship seven times a day and yet they find time for many things to help out in the village or in a hostel for college men, or in the college.

At Sabarmati they are mostly Hindu. These people, men and women and children, are all part of a large family. Gandhi is the father of them all, spiritually. It is a life of help for one another. They do all the work about the place, each doing a part, as they will not hire any work done which they would not do themselves, even the scavenging. They take turns at the different tasks, except such specialized jobs as directing the kitchen or other heads of departments, where a person is fitted for a certain thing and something everyone could not succeed at. Each person must do a certain amount of spinning during the day, usually taking an hour for it. It seems strange to us to think of spinning, but when you consider that the people are desperately poor, that 90

per cent of them are agriculturalists, and that during the rainy season they are idle, you can well see how a person can make his cloth cheaper than he can buy it when the only cost is the raw material, and sometimes not that. The people of India were once wonderful spinners and weavers and made very fine cloth and had beautiful print patterns, but England practically killed it in order to sell cloth woven in England of Indian cotton by putting exorbitant taxes on the cloth that went out and making it easier to buy cloth coming in. It was a dead industry and they have been trying to revive it.

When we arrived at Sabarmati it was Gandhi's day of silence, which he keeps 24 hours each week. Necessary to do so to get work done. Good discipline also. He greeted us with a smile and later sent us a note asking us to make ourselves at home and to see the town of Ahmedabad with the friends who had met us at the station. We also saw over the Ashram. Ahmedabad is an industrial town, textile manufacturing. They had a big strike in 1918 and Gandhi helped the workers and owners to come together and ever since then they have been on the best of terms and all are his friends. They never anticipate another strike as they have found out how to get together and settle their difficulties. The silence was broken at 7 in the evening. At that time they all go to the place of worship, out under the trees and sky and sit on the clean sand while they have songs and a talk from Gandhi and then discuss any matters of business. The women sit in one part and the men in another. There is roll call to see if everyone has done the allotted amount of spinning. They are all in bed by 9 P. M. and up again by 4 A. M. with worship at 4:15; tasks to perform, then breakfast at 6:30; then they go to their work at 7:30 and work until breakfast at 11, or they may call this meal tiffin. Then an hour spinning and work until 4:30, then a bath and clean up and supper at 5:30. Then recreation until worship at 7.

Mr. Gandhi had a talk with us after worship and we, or rather the men, talked politics with him for an hour. He sat on his bed, or chakka, which is a cot about 16 or 24 inches high and instead of having springs has a network of tape about two inches wide woven from side to side and end to end. A mat is spread over this for sleeping, and rolled up in day time and the chakka used to sit on with the feet doubled up under one. We sat on a bench and numerous of the people of the Ashram stood grouped behind the chakka and bench. It was all out in the open in front of Gandhi's house. The next day we had another hour and a half with him in his office, with a few more followers about, and the men talked politics the whole time, for you must remember that Politics is the one very live subject in India at this time and Gandhi is indeed and in truth the one principal figure. Gandhi did not talk the way they had expected him to talk, and England is not acting the way they think she ought to act and not acting the way India wants her to act, and things looked mighty black when the conversation was finished. They have talked politics the length and breadth of India and are mightily interested in events here, because they are going to effect the rest of the world some time, and things looked awfully black. The next day the men had another long talk with Mr. Gandhi, and they came to a better understanding of each other's terms, and consequently closer together, but things still look pretty black for India, and anyone who thinks that Gandhi is a dead one or a back number will have another guess coming in January.

We had read so much about Mr. Gandhi being such an insignificant looking little man that we were prepared to see anything, especially as he had just returned from a three months hard tour of India, but he was looking extremely well, and when one sees his smile one forgets how he looks at all. In fact Kirby said that it had never dawned on him that Gandhi had a moustache until the third day while they were talking he suddenly happened to notice it. His head is shaved, his ears do stick out, his upper teeth are out and he is usually dressed only in a dhoti (length of cloth wrapped around the hips and draped over the legs), but one forgets all this when talking to him. He has a sense of humor and a keen wit. He speaks excellent clear English, and he has an ordered mind and being a very busy man, does not waste words, but states his ideas clearly and to the point. It is the mind and personality of the man that gets one, that and his utter selflessness. He isn't working for Gandhi, he is working for his people and his country. There isn't any doubt about it, he is a great and a good man. He doesn't wear a homespun dhoti for show or to attract attention, he wears it to show that people can get along with what they

make themselves, and do not need foreign clothes. Anyone, no matter who he be, can dress as well as Gandhi does, anyone, no matter who he be need not be ashamed to appear in what he can afford, when the leader of them all leads in simple dress.

Mr. Gandhi lives now on a fruit and milk diet. One thing is his health, the other is to cause no trouble. He limits himself to five articles in one day, so that people who entertain him will not prepare too many things and too much. He also eats nuts and dried fruit and stewed fruit. India has many fruits and therefore he is easy to feed. Mrs. Gandhi is a very shy, quiet little person and always prepares his food for him. She also travels with him to look after him. The people are all devoted to him at the Ashram and call him Bapu (father) with ji added on the end usually, as a title of respect. The grown people of the Ashram all practice celibacy, so that they will have no ties of family to hold them back if the country needs them at any time, and they can go out and work without restraint or fear for family to hold them back. They have to be on probation for a year before entering the Ashram. There are now about 200 people. We would not have missed it for anything, and were very cordially received, because Mr. C. F. Andrews wrote a letter to Gandhi, and he is the best beloved Christian in India. Kirby had charge of Mr. Andrews' program when he was in America. In fact, he has been away and is at present there, but leaving soon. Mr. Gandhi had also read one of Sherwood's books and had printed Kirby's book on war, or parts of it, in his paper. The men had also seen a very great number of people of all shades of political thought, both English and Indian, Moham-medan, Christian and Hindu. This is a great time to be here, and we are all anxious to see what will happen at the Lahore Congress. It may be that dreadful things will follow.

Feeling fine, and pleased with life. Much love,

Yours,

Anna Page